

Gold of the Bronx, New York. He was 90 years old.

On October 3, 2006, Martin left us for a better place, leaving behind his wife Helen, a son Robert Mariconi, many friends and admirers, and a far better Bronx thanks to his tireless advocacy.

Martin Gold was a passionate advocate of senior citizens, veterans, and the overall beautification of the Bronx.

He was the longtime Legislative Chairman for the Aging in America Community Services, Senior Center in the Bronx.

He fought against the privatization of Social Security, the prescription drug plan that created a donut-hole and left millions of seniors without coverage, cuts to Medicare and other senior services programs.

Martin was also a leader in fighting for additional benefits and better and more respectful treatment for veterans, including greater access to health care and ensuring waiting lists at VA hospitals disappeared.

He himself served our Nation proudly in the United States Navy for 8 years aboard the *Valley Forge*.

He would often write to me, organize petition drives and speak to myself and my staff about important bills and the need to look out for seniors and veterans in Congress.

Additionally, he was a true champion for a greater Bronx, himself organizing anti-graffiti campaigns to beautify the borough—a campaign he launched in 1994, when he was 78 years old.

In the neighborhoods around Pelham Parkway North, he would monitor 50 mailboxes to keep them clean. The Post Office gives him the specific shades of blue and green paints for the boxes, and a local neighborhood association donates the brushes and other supplies.

It was these efforts that led our former Bronx Borough President to award him the "Quality of Life Award".

He was one of the great Bronx residents who is changing the minds of America about what type of place the Bronx is. The Bronx that Howard Cosell referenced is not the Bronx that Martin Gold left us.

We have the second largest public park in the City, Pelham Park, and serve as home to the Bronx Zoo and the Bronx Botanical Garden.

The Bronx is also home to over 1.4 million people and so many lovely communities from City Island to Throggs Neck to Co-op City.

The local news channel New York One once dubbed him "New Yorker of the Week".

Well, I think that could be an understatement.

Martin Gold was a Bronx Man for Life.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF WILBERT BLACK

HON. STEPHANIE TUBBS JONES

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2006

Mrs. JONES of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I rise in celebration of the life of Wilbert Black. It seems like Mr. Black has always been a part

of my life—not true. I started frequenting his place of business 20 years ago. Back then his chair is where Darryl's chair is now.

At that time you could not make an appointment—it was first come, first served. My sister Barbara would come home from Connecticut and we would race to be first at the salon, sometime as early as 5:00 or 6:00 in the morning.

He was known as "The Curl King," in all of his regalia—tuxedos, three-piece suits, Gator shoes and his hair always in place. He kept an immaculate salon with tasty treats like coffee, cookies, wine, cheese and champagne.

Mr. Black not only was my hairstylist, he was my friend. He was never too busy for me. He always made himself available, offering constructive criticism and encouraging words. He was my political ally. He had a wall in his shop dedicated to me and my accomplishments. Everyone knew how much he respected and adored me and how much I loved him.

He loved the city of East Cleveland. From Euclid Avenue to Hayden Road to Noble Road, he was involved in every political campaign for candidates and issues. He worked the polls and did whatever it took to ensure that the people of East Cleveland exercised their right to vote.

Once President Bill Clinton came to Cleveland and Mr. Black agreed to drive a van as part of the President's caravan. He enjoyed it so much and talked about it constantly. My only regret was that the photo taken by the official photographer never reached Mr. Black though I tried my darndest to get it.

Sometimes getting my hair done was an all day experience! People used to say, ". . . what do you do all day, or what does Mr. Black do to your hair that takes all day?" Well let me take you through the day. You arrived and you were greeted with a huge smile and a big hug. He would ask about my family and then we would discuss current events in the city, the country and around the world. Then he would seat me in the main chair. There he would check my hair for any new growth and its condition. Then he would ask, ". . . when was your last service," ". . . what are we going to do today," or ". . . do you want to do something different?" Then it was on to the sink for a vigorous washing and conditioning. Then he would have me sit under the dryer for about 20 minutes. Then it was back to the main chair for styling.

I was so looking forward to my visit to Mr. Black's salon on November 8th the day after the election. I was scheduled for a trim, wash and condition. But more importantly I was looking forward to our discussions of the elections. Mr. Black wanted the Democrats to be in the majority in the House and Senate as much as I did. He wanted Strickland to beat Blackwell, wanted gaming in Ohio, wanted the minimum wage increased, wanted our children to have a better education, wanted business, particularly in black communities to thrive, and wanted the best for his city, the city of East Cleveland.

I can just hear him saying, "Miss Jones, Miss Jones, what about these Democrats . . . Miss Jones, Miss Jones I am so glad Rumsfeld is gone . . . Miss Jones, President Bush is in trouble now!" His television was always

on CNN, and I can remember vividly having spirited political conversations in his salon with him and Mrs. Black, and Darryl.

The Black Family was a strong one. Often when I arrived at the salon they would show me their pictures from their numerous trips across the country. I especially remember the ones from the fights in Atlantic City and Las Vegas. We did attend one fight together in Atlantic City. That photo now hangs on my wall of fame in the salon.

I always wanted to travel with him, but I was afraid that my wardrobe could not compete with Mr. Black's impeccable sense of style. When the expression "sharp as a tack" was coined, they must have been talking about Mr. Black. He was always immaculately dressed—suit, shirts, shoes, tie, cuff links, all meticulously selected. Each hair on his head would be in place. He was often known to do hair in his tuxedo! He took great pride in his appearance and I always admired that.

I had the privilege of nominating Mr. Black for the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation's Unsung Heroes award. I remember him being so proud receiving his award. We had a wonderful time that day. He is truly an unsung hero. With more than 30 years in business, he is an institution, an icon, a beacon on the corner of Noble Road.

He was a wonderful husband. He and Odessa were a model of success in marriage, friendship, business and parenting. Nothing was more fun that to hear them go back and forth with each other. They were a couple who loved each, their profession and their children and grandchildren. His sons Darryl and Petey could not have had a better role model. He set the example for his sons and shared his knowledge with them.

We at Bethany Baptist Church were happy when the Black family joined our church, but no more happy than his sister Charlotte Blue one of our longtime members.

When Mr. Black found out he had cancer he got ready to fight. He handled his illness with such dignity. He kept going and going. I recall I tried to cancel my last appointment but he would not let me. He insisted that he would do my hair. He took his time and I refused to rush him. I wanted more than anything to just say "Rest, Mr. Black," but he would not hear it. He was going to finish no matter what.

Mr. Black, I am sure you are in heaven with the rest of your family, probably doing hair in your salon. I can imagine the immaculate decorations, the flowers, the seating, the stations, the cheerful greeting, and the broad smile. Rest well, my friend, my ally, my hero extraordinaire.

TRIBUTE TO THE SERVICE AND CONTRIBUTIONS OF LYNN L. SKERPON

HON. STENY H. HOYER

OF MARYLAND

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2006

Mr. HOYER. Mr. Speaker, today I would like to recognize the contributions of my friend and an excellent, committed public servant for Prince George's County and the State of Maryland, Lynn Skerpon of Upper Marlboro.

For six years, Lynn served as the very effective, efficient and competent Register of Wills in Prince George's County. She was appointed to this position on August 1, 2000, and then was elected to a four-year term in November 2002.

As the Washington Post noted in an editorial this past September: "The register of wills is not, as some have suggested, a mere court clerk but a significant job that in a given year administers some 4,000 estates, collects millions in taxes and fees and sorts through increasingly complicated legal issues." In fact, one of Lynn's proudest moments was assisting families of the September 11th victims and working with the federal government and other agencies in expediting aid to the those families.

Lynn is an accomplished, successful lawyer, who also has great experience in the legislative arena. She graduated from Princeton University in 1975, and then acquired her law degree from the State University of New York at Buffalo School of Law three years later.

Early in her career, Lynn practiced as a sole practitioner and in firms, focusing on estates and trusts. She was an assistant legislative officer in the Office of the Governor from 1982 to 1984, and a hearing examiner with the Maryland Tax Court from 1984 to 1986. She also served as sessions counsel to Prince George's County Senators in 1997-98, and in the legislative office of the County Executive in 1999-2000.

In addition to her professional service and achievements, Lynn also is active in her church, schools and civic and community associations, including the Board of Trustees of Capital Hospice, the Board of Trustees of Prince George's Community College, and United Way of Prince George's County.

As Lynn moves to a new phase of her already successful career, I wish her and her family nothing but the best and know that she will continue to serve the community that she has called home for more than 20 years.

HONORING COLBERT KING ON THE
OCCASION OF HIS RETIREMENT
FROM THE WASHINGTON POST
EDITORIAL PAGE

HON. ELEANOR HOLMES NORTON

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2006

Ms. NORTON. Mr. Speaker, I rise to honor Colbert (Colby) I. King, the Washington Post's Pulitzer Prize winning columnist and Deputy Editorial Page Editor. In a recent column, Mr. King informed his readers that he soon will cease writing editorials. However, Colby King's informal and spontaneous Saturday morning reading club takes some comfort in knowing that Colby King will continue to write his weekly column.

For 16 years, the Post, our city, and the region have benefited from reading a man who learned to write by doing it, not by going to journalism school. Colby went to school right here in the District, native born and native educated in the D.C. Public Schools and at Howard University.

Colby King's preparation for the career for which he will be best remembered came from the life he has lived—a childhood bereft of privilege, even equality, but rich in family love and upbringing. His pre-Post eclectic career ranged from the U.S. Army and VISTA to Treasury Department official and international banker.

Colby wrote about any and everything, but he was in his special element when he wrote about his hometown. Most of what the Post editorial page has had to say about this city came from Colby King—sometimes sizzling with pride or indignation at shabby treatment by Congress and the like, even more often, hot with criticism of local officials and citizens alike, whose actions he thought unworthy of the city on a hill Colby wanted his hometown to become. Colbert King's role in writing the Home Rule Act, his special feel for the city of his birth, his wit and ability to laugh and to cry about this city, all contributed to the authority with which his views were received throughout the District and the region.

Colbert King has a way with words, a mark of pure talent, but talent alone won't win you a Pulitzer in his tough and competitive business. Colby's Pulitzer was his alone, the fruit of his columns. He used them to speak his mind on an unpredictable variety of subjects—too much crime and too little punishment; forgotten children and star-crossed residents, often remembered only in his Saturday columns; national and local politics and politicians scored without fear, favor or mercy; and the beloved family that reared him and the family that he and his wife, Gwendolyn, raised.

Colby King will be remembered also for his remarkable range. His contributions to the editorial page covered the page's territory, as Members know well from watching him on foreign and domestic affairs as a television opinion show panelist. His unusual set of talents and his judgment took him to editorial leadership on one of the world's most important papers. His contributions came during troubling times in our country and in this city. A failing war at home and an insolvent hometown, for example, badly needed unadulterated self-criticism and tough love. Colby King had the credibility, the talent, and the wisdom to offer both, to make us shake our heads up and down in agreement, and then to try again to reach his high expectations.

Mr. Speaker, if I may, I note a personal regret as well that Colby is ending one part of his career. His 16 years on the editorial page and my 16 years in Congress overlap. I will miss not only reading Colby. I will miss having someone at the Post with whom I personally identify in so many ways—a friend who remembers the District as it was when we both were born in a segregated city and when we went to Dunbar High School, and a city that is both the same and very different today. I wish the Post good luck in finding such invaluable, institutional and personal experience for its editorial page.

Colbert King has decided to no longer write editorials, but he has certainly left his signature in indelible ink on the Washington Post. I ask my colleagues to join me in both honoring and thanking Colbert King for using his craft in service to the public.

NATIONAL EPILEPSY AWARENESS
MONTH

HON. NEIL ABERCROMBIE

OF HAWAII
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2006

Mr. ABERCROMBIE. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize November's celebration of National Epilepsy Awareness Month.

Almost 3 million Americans have epilepsy, a neurological condition that makes people susceptible to seizures. Ten percent of Americans will experience a seizure in their lifetime, and each year, more than 181,000 develop seizures and epilepsy for the first time. Epilepsy affects people of all ages, races, and ethnic backgrounds. The condition can develop at any age, but epilepsy most often occurs in early childhood and old age.

It is also important to note that ten percent of all injuries to U.S. soldiers in Iraq are head injuries. Severe head injuries like those incurred during battle and roadside bombings carry a high risk of seizures and epilepsy that, in many cases, can develop months after the initial trauma.

Although advances in medical treatment have allowed some individuals with epilepsy to control their illness, more than 40 percent still have persistent seizures, despite all available treatments today. Epilepsy remains a formidable barrier to normal life, affecting educational opportunities, employment, and personal fulfillment.

Furthermore, epilepsy continues to be poorly understood by many Americans. Individuals with epilepsy are often misdiagnosed, cannot access the specialists they need, or are the subject of discrimination and prejudice. This cannot continue.

National Epilepsy Awareness Month aims to dispel common myths about individuals with epilepsy, increase public awareness and understanding about this serious condition, improve education to ensure faster diagnosis and treatment, and inform people about the services and informational resources available nationwide.

Many years ago, my life was turned upside down. Something was wrong with me but my doctor could not identify the cause. Finally, I was diagnosed with epilepsy. This diagnosis brought many challenges, but in my current position as a legislator, it has also brought opportunity. I hope I can be of some influence in directing attention and research to a disorder that has been ignored and misunderstood for too long.

Mr. Speaker, I urge all Members of Congress to join all Americans with epilepsy, their families, friends, and supporters to do all we can to improve the lives of individuals with epilepsy.

TRIBUTE TO REV. DR. SHELVIN J.
HALL

HON. DANNY K. DAVIS

OF ILLINOIS
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2006

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, to work until one is 90 years old is unusual; and to